



Dreams



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Chapter 1 by R

I was standing in the ruins of a skyscraper, and an unfamiliar boy stared back. He held a gun casually in his hand, and walked forward.

"It's not too late, Rene." He said. "You can still join with me. It doesn't have to end this way."

"Are you kidding me, Zane?" I asked him, confused. "After everything you've done? Not for a million years."

"If you say so." He said with a smile, raising the gun to my head and pulling the trigger.

I woke up with a start, and let the dream fade away into forgetfulness. I'd been having dreams like that all month.

Downstairs I started making breakfast, while my mom sat on the couch with the TV. Suddenly, I saw his face on TV. The boy from my dream. Zane.

"Who's that?" I asked, confused. Maybe I'd just seen his face somewhere before, and borrowed it in the dream.

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"He's Derrick Collins' son." My mom replied, and at my blank glance she continued, "The presidential candidate? As

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Zane Collins turned to the camera, and gave the exact same smile that he had given in my dream before killing me. The plate I was holding in my hands dropped to the floor, shattering.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



I quickly get down on my knees and start cleaning.

"Everything okay in there hunny?" my mother called to me.

"Yeah, sorry the plate was... hot. Sorry, I am cleaning it up now!" I reply.

"Okay, just don't be late to school!" she calls from the living room. Good thing nothing serious had happened. I can't even remember the last time I saw her get up off the couch.

Looking at her watching TV again reminded me of Zane. Just a coincidence, I thought to myself. I must have seen his face and heard his name on the TV. My mom has it running all day and I don't pay attention. The news isn't my thing, especially FOX. Still weird to dream about him, I mean he was pretty cute. No one told me going through puberty would have so many weird dreams. I thought that was more of a thing for boys.

I cleaned up the rest of the mess on the floor and decided to go with a simple bowl of cereal this time around. After that I was quickly off to the bus stop. I hop in my seat near the middle, 8B, next to my bus buddy Hannah. When we got to school, however, there was a big crowd. I squeezed my through the crowd to see what it was. Or who it was... my heart stopped when I saw who the new kid at school was.

Chapter 3 by AstralStar



Zane Collins. *Why is he at my school?* I thought. Honestly, how was this even possible. First, he's in my dreams. Now, he's a new kid at *myschool*. What could *possibly* come next. He was surrounded by the "cool" kids, which consisted of the cheerleaders and the football boys. I walked, what I hoped was calmly, toward the school front doors.

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the building, I turn to the side to look at the crowded group that was pretty distant. As I looked, I caught a glimpse of the new student.

Tall student, with a good posture. Pale, black hair with brown eyes. He smiled as the group of students roared with laughter. The smile gave me goosebumps, for it reminded me of the smile from my dream. Once our eyes met, his smile disappeared quickly. As he stood up in a quick manner, I quickly turned and started walking faster.

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